

Star Wars Galaxies Trading Card Game Scenario

Utinni!



They don't order drinks.' That was Wuher's answer for anyone who questioned his 'no droids' policy at the Mos Eisley Cantina. The grizzled bartender even went to the expense of installing a Fabritech EPT-12 droid detector at the entrance. Most patrons were pleased with the lack of droids in the establishment. The prying optical receptors of Imperial security droids were not allowed, encouraging a steady flow of illegal credits and shady deals.

Dathcha was a Jawa trader and adventurer trying to make a name for himself. He had dreams of exploring the galaxy someday. He didn't like Wuher's 'no droids' policy, since his stock and trade was dealing in used droids. In a daring midnight raid, he stole Wuher's droid detector.

'That's what I'm telling you,' says Wuher. 'It was that one they call Dathcha. Find him and get my droid detector back!' The crowd moans as another protocol droid walks through the door. 'By the Emperor's black heart! There's another one!'

Finding a particular Jawa in the Dune Sea is no easy matter. After a long day of searching through sandcrawlers, you find the Jawa trader known as Dathcha. 'Wuher wants his EPT-12 back,' you tell him. 'I'm not leaving here without it!'

'A beton nya mombay m'bwa!' says the Jawa. 'This is mine, all mine!' says your translating datapad. Dathcha has already drawn his ion blaster. 'Hkeek nkulla,' he says, and your datapad can't translate it. The way Datcha spits out those words, you're sure it's a curse. There is only one way to settle this.



The plucky Jawa trader is finally knocked unconscious. You think for a moment about finishing him off. Then your basic good nature takes over, and you just pick up the droid detector and make your way back to Mos Eisley.

When you get to the cantina, there's a roar from inside. Droids are everywhere — protocol droids, astromechs, assassin droids, every model and shape. Fights are breaking out all over the place. You hold the droid detector over your head and Wuher sees you. He fights his way through the crowd and plugs it in immediately. 'No droids!' he yells, as the detector starts blinking and beeping. 'Get these bolt buckets out of here!'

'Thank the stars! You saved my cantina!' says Wuher. 'Your drinks are free here anytime, day or night.'

